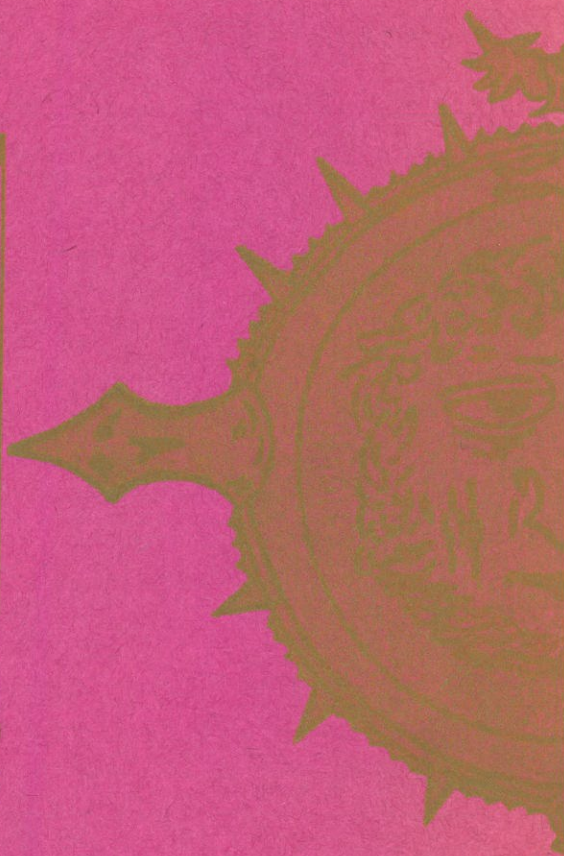


Fall 68

**MEASURE  
1968**



... AND THEN THE SUN DID FALL



Editor	<i>J. Eric Farfsing</i>
Associate Editors	<i>Joseph A. Jungblut</i> <i>Peter A. Keiser</i>
Artists	<i>Francis X. Davis</i> <i>Gerald Schray</i>
Photographer	<i>Dan J. Moloney</i>
Advisor	<i>Mr. Charles J. Schuttrow</i>
Faculty Representative	<i>Mr. John D. Groppe</i>
Printer	<i>The Messenger Press</i> <i>Carthagen, Ohio</i>

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## Photographic Essay



*how far the bridge?*

for partings at the bridge i say,  
farewell my friend.  
as you enter the deep night farewell  
the rings cannot glow  
for passing impetuous motives  
nor can the eyes sparkle  
in the dying sun.

the time which endears itself  
to us all  
has silently  
approached me yawning.  
trumpets sound for the lonely blackbird  
whom no one cares for.

the grass whispers secrets of the forest  
which suspects not at all.  
midnight sky at 8 o'clock  
warns of impending stormations.

worms scurry for trestle cover  
and i sit on concrete: 1922.  
a tree with 67 rings for years of shade  
now stumpy acne earth stubble.

skin hot with burn  
seeks soothing hands  
after wanderings into the soul's centerland  
and finding yet another new island  
conceived under the bridge.

*brad uhlenhake*

MARCH 26, 1965

Last night a woman from Detroit died at Selma,  
And I wondered why she went there.  
Men have said that it was not her battle.

She left behind five children and a husband.  
And I have heard my fellow students say,  
"No sorrow can be felt for her, it was not her business."  
They felt no grief.  
I cried.

I cried for her, yet not for her.  
For only those who have lived for something can die for something.  
And death at the end of such a life is not in all ways a sorrow.  
Were my tears for her children?  
Yes, that may well be true  
For I have looked into the blue and brown eyes  
of innocent children.  
Eyes that know unprejudiced love.  
Were my tears for her husband?  
Yes, they might have been.  
For I have had to watch the things I love die  
with me standing close, yet too far away to help.

Yet, I know that tears were shed in Detroit,  
And surely someone cried in Selma,  
And with those tears will flow my tears,  
And they will water the earth like rain,  
A rain which shall, and must fall.  
And this rain of tears shall water a great tree,  
From this tree will come the fruits of all our trials,  
Its branches shall be Freedom and Respect,  
Equality and Love.

When I think of this I realize  
Not all deaths are futile.  
And for her lasting monument she will have brotherhood.  
Then I smile, for I realize that she must not have cried.  
Victory begets no tears of sorrow.

*Richard F. Hindery*

# *IN SOLITUDE,*

## *FUGDED AND STONED*

my mind began to walk

as the inspiration butter soothed over the female mold of  
grief and despair.

now its orange very bright and mournful but it speaks with no tongue  
by this is what is communication . . .

a knowing together.

the door is opening and soon the self shall arise to behold

a new Oedipus I King of the Mind.

the search of man is to find and realize

to capture and destroy with its barbarous poison of seething  
'not care'

to point irregardless of the self, the mask, which can disguise and  
attempt to cover, but brutally bleeds with a never ending open pain.

where is a search that squeals as time speeds, hurts flounders drowns  
heals burries dies. how is a die? what person dies?

he is freed from the stinking orgasm of the flesh.

oh liberate from this dire mire the wrongs and rights

to rest the rest of not. to be a not. the one.

how where can the whom of which we speak discriminate the fools  
who will not see as we burn out their eyeballs with truth

Hell is to know truth and not be able to remove the blinders from  
those whom the emotional scales of maintain have taught the  
meaning of cope.

Projection, Sublimation, Procrastination ride as reckless steeds  
plundering the gray canyons of Urbia, and the bleak sameness  
of those in hell.

trapped with going from brick to brick

the gray wan matron has lost her unfound way amongst the

Screaming Time that has raped her and flaunted the

cravings of the soul, bleaching from her very plasm the juices

of the subtle flesh of whatever bad is.

Look behind you. there are them all around. faceless, lives like ours  
dying, as Screaming Time light-years by.

I am hitch-hiking. Where are you going son? Eternity will be fine.  
Or if you are going anyplace near Infinity will do very nicely.  
Thanks you bastard generation of mongers who scorn people.  
people are temples. people are what are. how many? must be  
five or six.

compassion is unknown to them. they wipe its bowels without even  
knowing its face. My brother is. My sister is.  
there amongst the huddle of Auschwitizian body crumbs you will find  
Beauty, Truth, and Life. There amongst the seeds of weeds you will  
find the seeds of the Lord.

The Lord is man as man can never be. The nature of man is unknown  
but to dream.

to hope. What is hope? It was invented to deal and cope. Act  
was put on waivers and the politico-coach has him on the taxi squad  
doing pushups. He has fans, but they can't get in to the game and  
anyhow, the price is not worth the admission from a place where the  
reinlistment booths are marked "EXIT".

abstracts of clouds gather  
but are shooed away by the Mrs. Robinson society.

the Statue of Liberty is pregnant with the body of the SMALLS.  
who are where it really is . . .

they play monopoly and never get the houses and motels  
but they really enjoy the game.

where is the Man. He stands near the stench  
but revolts to a new decay.

wrong is the absence of what?

go to the back door and ask if the garbage has been collected yet.

If you go too far . . . they will prune you off . . . cast you into the flame

Blackman is the ash of the destruction.

jump into the ash naked, open to wound

scorn not lest you be scorned.

*Francis X. Davis*



## *A TOE IN TIME, SAVES NINE*

*Joseph A. Jungblut*

I was at the crossroads of my usual alley, deciding which gutter I should contemplate for the night, when I noticed a nearby streetlight which was nearby an unlighted area. I felt the light breathing down my neck, as all I could see was the inside of the cork-filled inners of my slowly sinking spirits. I was in my usual humor, James Thurber, when out of the unlit area bounded a large blue diabolical with one red, flashing eye, named Fancy. I said I fancied meeting him, but he gave me no chance to notice my home for the night. He grabbed me by my right foot and began to drag me to his cave, which, by the by, and never-the-less was filled by my very own kind. He wasn't satisfied with his catch, but insisted that if I would not put up a fight all he would take would be my right foot, which he had grown fond of. What could I say. It was my right to have my right foot, but when faced by a diabolical, especially named Fancy, there really was no choice. I barely escaped, with the loss of my right foot, and limped away with only a fraction of my toes intact.

I couldn't find the unlit area again, and on top of all of it, I was beginning to limp for the worse. I remembered that I had a friend who fell into the very same problem and he went to the Grand Parlook for aid. I gave the idea enough time to light the bulb, but the lasting memory of the Grand Parlook and all his talents sat on my head top. What could I lose?

I remembered the name of the Parlook's estate, the Midnight Clear, and started on my way after looking in the Yellow Pages under E. I came upon the Midnight Clear and was rushed to the direct attention of the Parlook himself. "I'll take the case for my esteem." He said clearly. "The limp must be resolved by the loss of the left foot." He took me for all I was worth, my left foot.

I have no limp now, but I walk foot less and Fancy free.



## *a word called love*

It is a bar of  
harmony.

It is the only link of reality  
between  
a man and a woman.

It is the corresponding tie  
between  
hard times and easy times.

It is the one proper  
conjunction of  
I and Thou.

It is the one word that glues  
the world together as  
a masterpiece.

It is sometimes pictured as  
corrupt like  
"the World, the Flesh, and the Devil."

It is assumptions like these,  
which bring out the deliberateness  
of the games people play.

No, a word called love, has its  
own valid meaning,  
within its own valid world,

A world and meaning known as "God."

*Richard Wheeler*

## *water harvesters*

the light of the moon  
slides along the waters  
streaking forward  
into the far woods ahead.  
the full fields  
skirting the sides  
await the harvester's swings  
to and fro.

i felt  
here.  
i felt the earth  
and felt glad  
i felt it.

*brad uhlenhake*

He took a dream  
strengthened it with laughter  
matured it with tears,  
and named it love.

*Patrick Horrigan*



# THE OLD WOMAN OF THE CASTLE

*Patrick Weaver*

When I was six years old, I had a friend, who lived in a big green castle on the corner, surrounded by a dense tropical jungle, made up of catalpa trees, rose bushes, that never bloomed, and a blue Maxwell House coffee can in a cracked bird bath.

It really wasn't a castle, but that's what it could be to a six year old boy. It was really just a big old dirty unrepaired white house with carved green shutters and roof work, that gave it an appearance of a castle.

Mrs. Gilvers lived there. She was the friend. She was a very strange friend. She shook. It's hard to believe, but that is what she literally did. She shook. She shook all the time. She had a disease, a kind of palsy, that kept her constantly shaking, like she had shivers all over her small wrinkled body. She was sick, very sick, just waiting to die. A kindly woman who was my friend, while I was her's.

She was a strange old woman, who lived with her husband and never left her house on the corner. She was a walking invalid, who had a great dread of falling, and like many people who have stared death in the face for long periods of time, Mrs. Gilvers was scared of being left alone.

She had a strange way of coupling these fears together and producing a personal superstition. She had told me many times that if she were ever left alone she would fall and never be able to get up

again. In her later years it became more than a superstition; it became an obsession to such an effect, that she was never left alone. I would stay with her while Mr. Gilvers went shopping, and I would not leave till he came back. It was a great responsibility for a boy of six, going on seven, but for some reason, I never thought of leaving her. In fact, I visited her every day.

One day I was about to go out the door, when I was stopped by my mother.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Mrs. Gilvers," I replied.

"Wait. I'll go with you."

This did not surprise me. She came with me every once in a while. I got my cat, Smoke, who always came with me and met her at the door.

"Do you always have to take that dirty cat with you?"

I didn't answer. I knew Mrs. Gilvers liked Smoke.

When we got there, my mother and Mrs. Gilvers exchanged the usual greetings, and I went over to the cabinet where Mrs. Gilvers kept the rice krispies, one of my favorite treats, got them out and put some in a cup for me and some in another cup for Smoke. I put Smoke's cup on the floor and went over to sit down by the kitchen, where my mother and Mrs. Gilvers were talking.

She smiled at me when I sat down. "Did you get your rice krispies?"

"Yes," I said. "Where is Mr. Gilvers?"

"He's in the living room watching television."

"Oh!"

She looked at my mother. "He's a good boy."

"Sometimes," my mother said. My mother looked down at the floor and brought her eyes back slowly. "You know, he's going to start school in a couple of weeks."

Mrs. Gilvers looked frightened. Then she smiled. "Well, I knew it had to come sometime. He's been such a comfort to me. You know, when I'm left alone I get scared that I'd fall and never be able to get up again."

"I can come here and stay with you while Mr. Gilvers goes downtown," my mother offered.

"Thank you. That's very kind of you, but . . ."

I cut her off. "I can come and see you after school."

She smiled. "Yes, that would be nice."

I smiled.

"What school are you going to?" She asked.

I shrugged my shoulders. I didn't know.

"He's going to St. John's," my mother said.

There was silence for a time. Mrs. Gilvers looked at my mother. "You know, I was a Catholic once."

"You were," my mother said, slightly surprised.

"Hey, Mom!"

"Yes, dear."

"Am I a Catholic?"

"Yes, dear."

Smoke jumped up on the table and started eating krispies out of my cup.

"Hey, Mom?"

"Yes."

"Is Smoke a Catholic?"

"No!"

"Why not?"

"Because he's a cat!"

My mother finally turned to Mrs. Gilvers, who was quite pleased with my curiosity. "Would you like to come with us to church one Sunday?"

This surprised both me and Mrs. Gilvers, since Mrs. Gilvers never left the house.

"Aa . . ., I don't think so."

"Oh, it will do you good to get out of the house," my mother persisted.

Mrs. Gilvers looked at the floor. She wanted the subject dropped.

"No. I don't think so."

"Why not?"

Mrs. Gilvers looked hurt. "They'll all laugh at the way I shake. They'll all laugh."

My mother saw that she was hurt. "No. They won't."

"Yes. They'll all laugh at an old shaking lady, like me. And then they'll talk about me after church, and point at me. . ."

She started to cry. My mother got up and tried to calm her down.

I never thought it bothered Mrs. Gilvers that she shook. It didn't bother me. I had a talk with Smoke about it, and we decided that there were just two kinds of people in the world, those who shake and those who don't shake. Mrs. Gilvers was just one of those who did.

About a week later on one of my visits, I found no one at home. I couldn't figure out where she and Mr. Gilvers went, but somehow I sensed that there was something wrong. I went to the house the next day and the day after that and still found no one at home. On the third day, my mother dressed me up in my Sunday clothes.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

My mother gave me a kind, funny look. "We're going to see Mrs. Gilvers."

When I got in the car that night, I knew where we were going. It was the same way when my grandfather died. They dressed me up

and took me to the funeral home, and I never saw grandfather again after that. This was the same way. We parked the car, and entered the funeral home. We were all very quiet.

I saw Mr. Gilvers at the door. I didn't say anything to him. I just walked slowly up to the coffin. My mother and father followed me.

Mrs. Gilvers looked very different. She was dressed in a green flowery dress, that I had never seen before, and her grey hair was combed very neatly. That was not what made her different. The difference was she wasn't shaking. She was still.

My parents left the coffin leaving me alone there.

I was young, but I understood death. I knew she was dead, but I wanted to reach out and touch her. I felt that if I could touch her she would open her eyes. I reached out to touch her arm, but I was afraid. Afraid that if she opened her eyes, she'd start shaking again. I closed my eyes, turned and walked away.

She was alone.

in a black forest  
stands a white tree  
swayed not by wind or breath  
and stands with no shadow  
in a world of shades  
  
to climb it is laughter  
to perch in it is warmth  
white trees fall with no sound  
for no ears can see it  
and no eyes will hear it  
only vibrations are felt  
in the bottom of a speeding soul

*Peter A. Keiser*

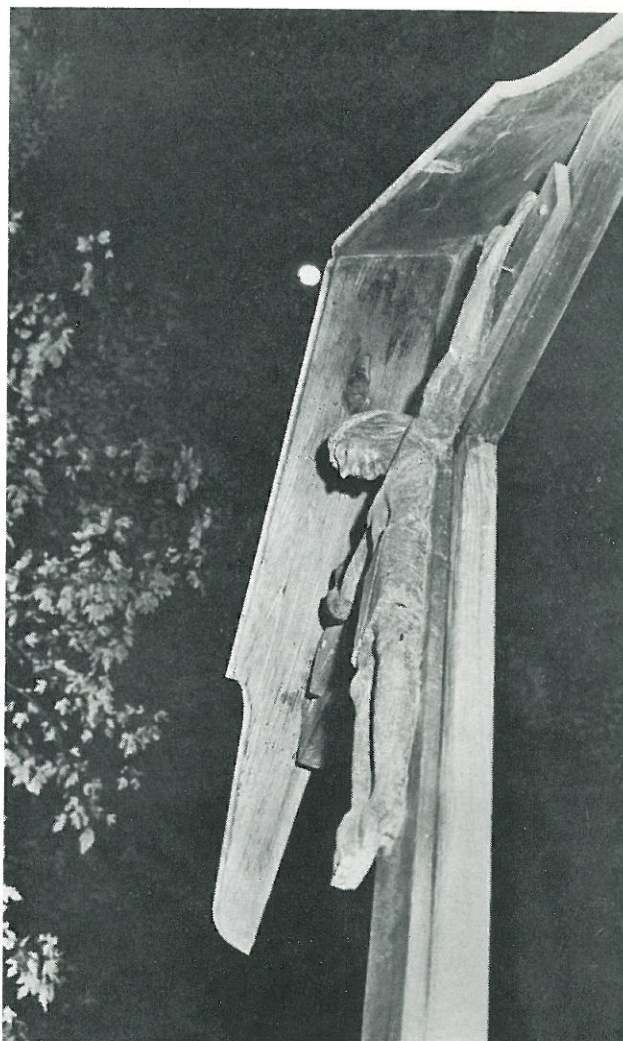


From introspection, anarchy . . .  
From Faith, Discipline . . .  
From all, One.

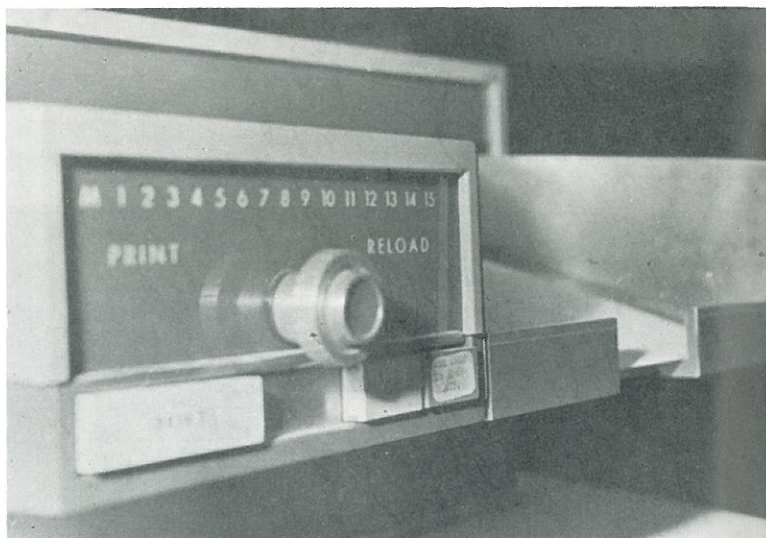
*Michael J. Guccione*

# DIALOGUE

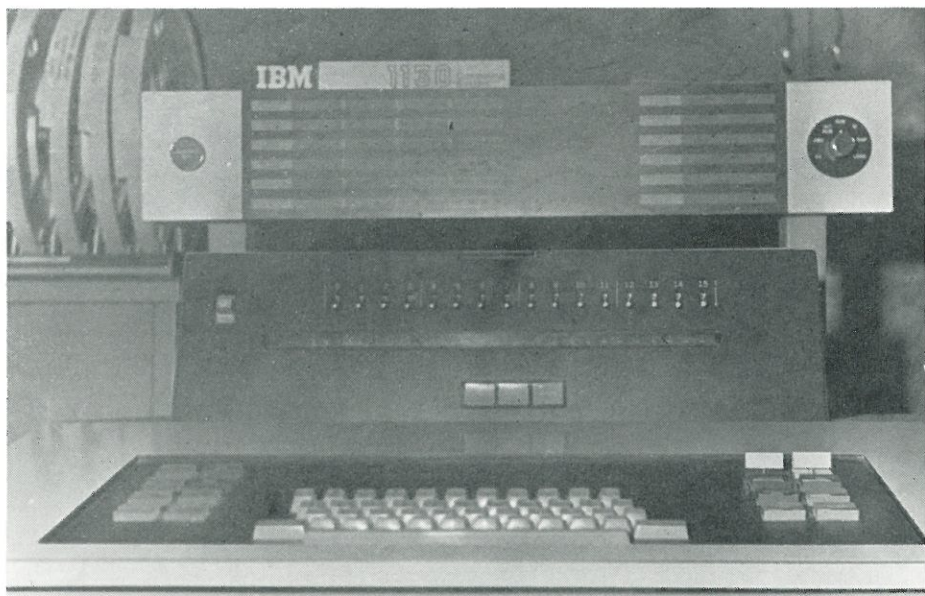
A PHOTO ESSAY WITH COMMENTS  
BY DAN J. MOLONEY  
LAYOUT BY JOSEPH A. JUNGBLUT



Early in the evening  
of the semi-final season  
structures  
were temporarily violated . . .  
adjustment was quickly made



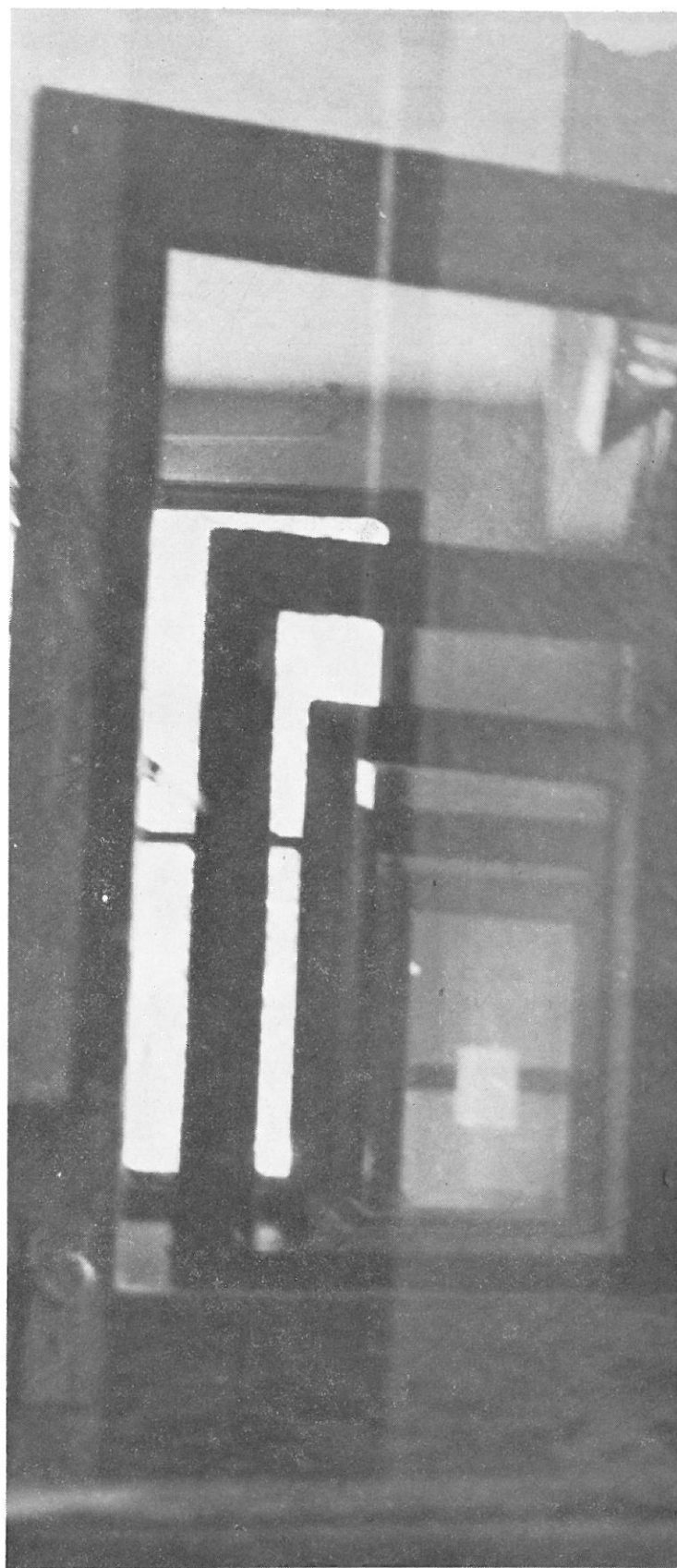
and, by mutual agreement,  
places were found for all —  
at least for that present time.



Challenge and  
opportunity  
presented

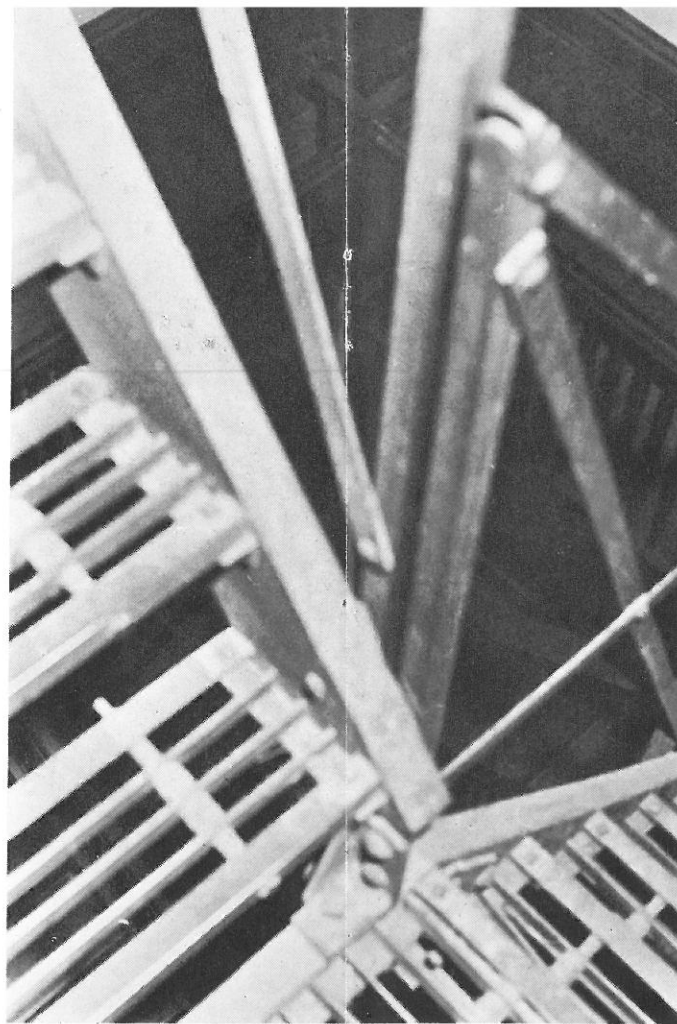
to grim  
pursuers of the  
predetermined

truths

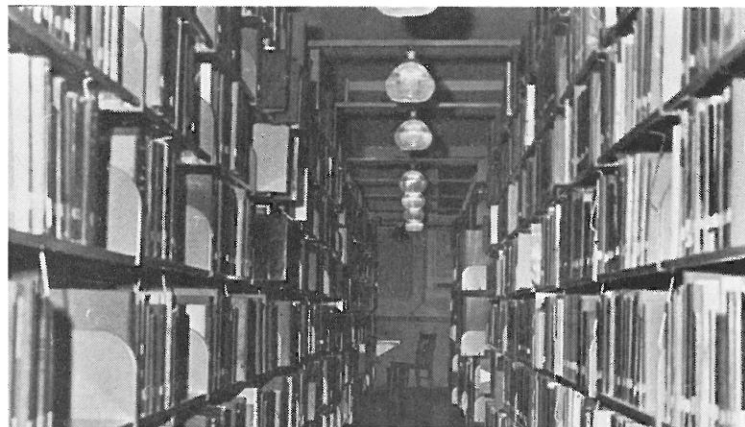




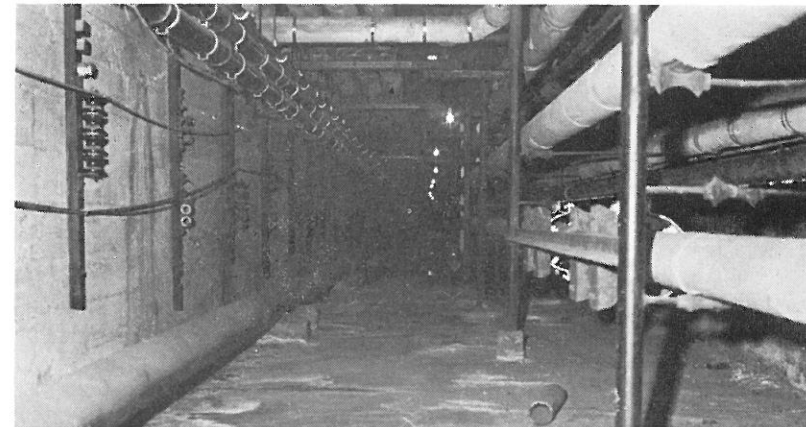
each one, ignorant of his  
disciplinary anarchy  
  
provokes (quite fabricated)  
  
his own intellectual  
trailways.



But they too,  
in an apparent different way;  
follow a walled-in  
invisible-lifeline  
they are too close.

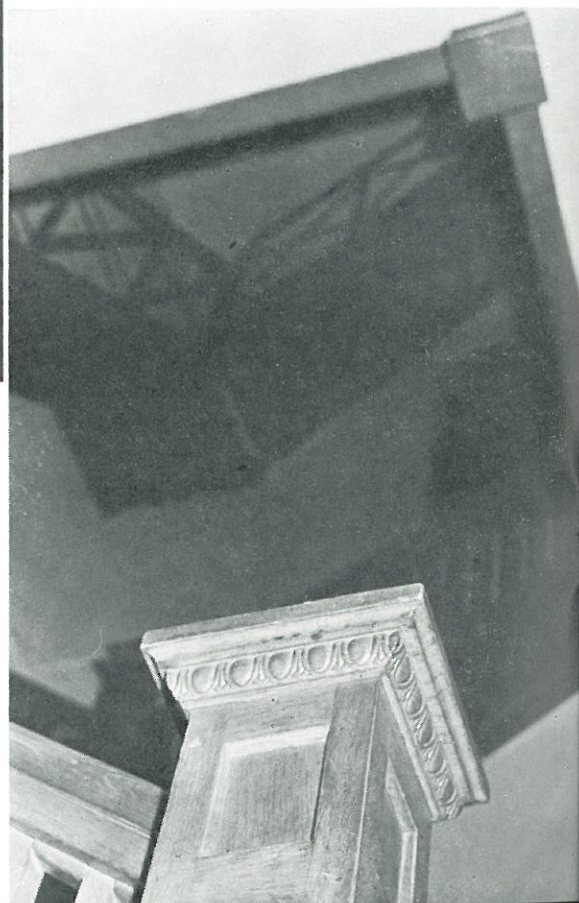


Always present  
for the self-certainty  
of others,  
objectors





Nature forms . . .  
the concert hall arc  
of concepts  
played out loudly . . .  
echoed . .  
lost.



Even the forecasts of the  
visionary  
sensing with an error  
of nostalgia,  
not knowing,  
the change must occur now.



Intangibly implanted is awareness  
a thought germ must come  
out of order  
of the bookbinders,  
and their workshops,  
against the person himself.



That which is being built  
as the foundations are dissolving  
is a mosaic  
of the dialectic  
and the despondent.



## *ZEUS, MR. GEGER, AND THE SNOWY MOUNTAIN*

*J. Eric Farfsing*

Old Mr. Geger was sitting watching the Giants-Mets baseball game one Saturday afternoon last spring. The score was tied and the seventh inning had just ended.

Mr. Geger hadn't been paying much attention to the game. He had been thinking.

"I'm 63 years old and what have I done?" He thought.

Reflecting over his past 30 years at Pound, Young, and Associates Stockbrokers he decided finally: "Nothing. I'm the number one buyer after 30 years. Big deal."

"All right, sports fans, for a real he-man's beer, buy Red Key. It's the best!" blared out the announcer.

Mr. Geger pulled his still firm body from the soft, brown easy chair and ambled aimlessly to the kitchen. Then he knew what he must do.

"Dear," he said quietly to his wife, "forgive me. There's something I must do."

Closing her book and looking up somewhat in amazement, she replied, "Oh?"

"Yes."

He turned and walked out of the house, quietly closing the big oak door behind him.

Three days later Mr. Geger arrived at his destination. Before him stood the mountain. Ever since he was a child, Mr. Geger had wanted desperately to see the other side. Milk and honey rumors oozed from

the other side. He could fly over the mountain range but his goal was to climb the mountain to see the green valleys below.

The mountain was huge. It was one of the greatest of that range. Pines and firs grew like stubby hair about one half of the way up the mountain but above that there was nothing but the brownish-grey rock and, at the very top, a snowy "dunce cap."

The air was still clear and brisk being the time of the year that it was.

Mr. Geger had no guide. "If everyone who did things used guides, there would be no progress. Individualism would die and with its death stagnation would set in. Soon the guides would unionize and become quite formal and stiff collared and refuse anything non-conventional." Mr. Geger considered himself an individual.

He carefully stalked the mountain as though it were a wild animal trying to kill him.

Upon arriving at the base of the mountain — for it grew out of the flat plains — Mr. Geger attacked. Up and up he stumbled. Through the trees he drove like a star fullback against a team of midgets. The midgets fought him clawing at his face and arms, but the star fullback smelled his touchdown.

Suddenly he broke into a clearing and sat down to rest. The brisk mountain air along with the chirping of the birds quickly revived Mr. Geger. The star fullback returned to the game.

Eventually Mr. Geger reached the naked rocks. His ascent became tedious. His running became walking.

Mr. Geger could not feel the pain caused by the slashing branches. He could not feel the pain caused in his fingers by the rough, uneven boulders. He could not feel the chill eating into his 63 year old muscles and bones. He was anesthetized by the sight of the peak.

He had reached the mountain's snowy cap. He was brown with dried blood. His anesthesia had now become an addiction. He had to reach the top to see the green valley on the other side.

Fingers began to freeze in the clean blinding snow. Now he knew why he had to climb the mountain. He was predestined to see Zeus face-to-face.

The sun beat down on him. Despite the freezing fingers, Mr. Geger broke out in a sweat. Beads of perspiration-like jewelry grey from his forehead. His white hair soon dampened and then froze.

The peak was in sight. It was almost in reach. He had defeated the mountain. He would see the gods. He had won.

Suddenly he slipped.

"Oh no! God no. I can't fail now. I can't!"

Mr. Geger tried to cling to the snow but it was impossible. Down and down he slid. Snow hugged him like a lover. Down and down

he rolled, crashing through trees as his speed increased. He could not breathe. It was dark. It was cold. He screamed.

The flashing red light of the ambulance cut through the still night air. Two white coated attendants jumped out and ran into the house. A man in a gray suit with a black bag met them at the door.

"Too late, fellows."

Mrs. Geger sat looking out the front window, hypnotized by the steady flash-flash-flash of the red light.

"He was just sitting there in his favorite chair sleeping," she mumbled. "I went over to wake him for dinner . . . I held his hand . . . he clawed at the wooden arm of his chair and slid down . . . then he screamed. . ."

The white-coated attendants loaded the body on their stretcher and left.

Somewhere in the neighborhood some unhuman howl of laughter arose filling the abyss of night.

The red light disappeared and the front door slammed shut. Quiet returned to the vacuum of the night.

## *1 and 2*

### *1*

easter eggs  
finally found  
placed not created  
on the ground . . .

### *2*

how can some be so holy?  
is it i — me just solely  
who knows not where his pew is  
located?

*brad uhlenhake*

## *THE VASE*

Slender-necked, bulb-bottomed;  
old but new for her; green glass dirtied,  
once bottle of Vin Rose she admired  
there amid the rubble, fire-licked  
with ashes wind-scattered, dead.  
They, she with her husband, poorly clad,  
sought discarded chest and chair or  
kitchenware new rusting in the rotting.  
She held it up to him, the bottle-vase  
catching sun; she asked to keep it,  
worthless like autumn's gaudy leaves,  
and gently with worked hands calloused  
she laid it in the car, imagining it  
filled with water and placed on some  
table top with maybe one wild rose.

*Anonymous*



## TWO STORIES UP

Two stories up the brick face wall  
of small chalk sayings and handball marks  
I live. Two stories up.  
Sit and look out my alleyway where  
friends come and call, "Hey Stiff-legs."  
Sit and look my two stories up  
and down the block I hear  
the whispers of a ballgame, a game.  
Across the street is a special tree  
planted just for me. I liked it.  
Someone said it looked dead, like elm's disease  
and men in yellow hats red Xed my tree.  
They cut it down.  
I sat and looked two stories up down the window pane  
it rained.  
At night you can see the lights of cars  
go by and crinkle down the glassy street  
no one ever watches kids at night.  
We loved to play kick-the-can along the buildings  
I'd hide (behind my tree)  
And listen for the in-call-free, they'd never  
catch me — I was fast.  
One night we played the game, (behind the  
tree) — in-call-free —  
the car  
And now I sit and look two stories up  
and wait for my friends to remember  
"Stiff-legs."

*Joseph A. Jungblut*

## *DEATH*

Death infects Her victims with subtle venom,  
Injected in the heart, that immutable stain,  
Not suffering one exception for any person,  
That remembrance fused to the soul forever retained.

She subverts the lives of her associates.  
The men, the women, beyond all hope severed  
By that one being so superior to mate,  
The passion for love to be never rendered.

But what is their hope for future pleasure,  
When no worldly person can remove the venom,  
Scourged by Death beyond all measure,  
But to quiet Her by ending life altogether.

*Jerome Burke*



## *AND THEN I AWOKE*

Don't make me love,  
I can't. It hurts too much,  
I've built a wall-around me,  
This is my shell —  
My place of security — don't break it.  
If you do, I'll hate you  
Because you love, you have patience,  
You have the ability to reach out to people.

But don't try to make me like you,  
I have too much at stake — my Pride  
Oh yes, too much pride to be pulled  
down from my pedestal.  
I have too much pride to give my  
real self to others.  
Someone might see through my  
superficial front and find the real me.



Then where would I be?  
Where could I go?  
Who could I turn to?  
People? Don't be ridiculous.  
My emotions are cold and hard.  
I did a fine job of keeping myself  
    from the midst of things  
Don't worry though, I'm still secure.  
I can look out from my world  
    and see these people.  
But they won't touch me  
I don't want them to.

    I think,  
If I look out far enough my  
    glass world would break,  
I might fall and get hurt  
I could end up caring about people  
    My world,  
    My security,  
    My own existence would soon be forgotten.  
So don't make me love,  
The price is too great.

*Daniel McCann*

## THE UNTOUCHED RELATIONSHIP

A tree, An acorn —  
    a strange relationship,  
        yet,  
        so intimate.  
— one depends upon the other for  
        growth —  
    as the other is dependent for seedlings.  
It was an odd way of meeting — but none-the-less  
        an experience!  
The tree — sheltered by the leaves  
        of experience  
— the acorn — prematurely born of innocence.  
    Yet, the tree had  
        an awareness of this new  
        foundling — the acorn.  
Together they — tree and acorn — trodded  
    the steps of life for some three  
        descending weekly periods.  
One night the tree was in it's mighteous  
    splendor and the acorn willing —  
    — SUDDENLY —

the precious sap of the forest was thrown to  
the ground — only to be deprived from its  
most desired future-purpose!

Still another — the stars and waters of its  
own nature witnessed in the viciously deep dark sky,  
as the tree was terried in its attempt to  
bring this billowing presence as — ONE!

Now, as the leaves begin to turn and drift away —  
autumn comes.

The tree — The acorn,  
gradually separate,  
and the tree begins to loose its shape; so too,  
the acorn, turning from green to brown only  
falls to the ground and becomes just another tumbled  
acorn.

Yes, neither had possession of sense  
of certainty; for the  
acorn knows not if the tree will remain tall.

So too, the tree knows not if the acorn will stay  
secure in place,  
for the wind drift may come and pluck up this small  
piece and throw it into the unmasked world of reality —  
— still untouched! —

*Richard Wheeler*

A cloud slipped into my mind  
Last night.  
It came so softly and quietly I felt it not  
But felt its warmness and comfort and caress.  
It passed from my mind to my soul  
Then into me.  
And this cloud took me on a trip  
That passed through a universe  
Of wonderous unknown wonders.

A cloud slipped into my mind  
Last night  
It whispered peace to my inner ear  
And I blessed it twice and call it Love.

A cloud passed into my heart  
Last night  
And slipped out once more into the still night  
Leaving me joyful and happy and together and in love  
And sorrowful that clouds must drift on.

*Peter A. Keiser*





## *REFLECTIONS*

At the Midnight Moment  
When sleep won't come  
And thoughts of worried wonder  
Make me ponder 'for I slumber  
As through my mind on future feet they run  
I stride the Nightwood Streets of Introspection  
to the other side of silence. A quaint direction,  
Where without warning  
Mind wakes up the toll  
Because it's always 3 A.M. Wednesday Morning  
In the still dark bowery of soul.

*Michael J. Guccione*

## *to him*

he stood at the top of the hill  
naked  
visible to anyone who would see him

before him in the valley he saw himself  
naked  
visible to anyone who would see him  
the massive buildings striving to touch the creator:  
the machines, the ships, the planes, the cars, the trains —  
all singing praise to the creator in their own particularly religious  
way —  
all saying: "lord, I have one purpose in this existence and that purpose  
is to serve you"

he took up the creatures' prayers as would a priest  
he raised his arms — Christlike — and prayed to the creator — to his  
fertile mind he gave thanks:  
"it is good"

*J. Eric Farfsing*

